



# Tattersall's Club Magazine

*The*  
OFFICIAL ORGAN  
OF  
TATTERSALL'S CLUB  
SYDNEY.

Vol. 17. No. 9. November, 1944.







# Ahoy There!

The next big job for Tommy Atkins (Sea, Land and Air) is steering him our way and we're out to make Sydney his happiest port of call.

Our opportunity (and yours) will come at our greatest carnival ever

on

## "BRITISH FORCES" NIGHT

**THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 16th**

when all the fun of the fair will be going full steam ahead in aid of The British Centre.

Reveille at 7.30 (pip emma, of course). Lights out at—why worry? All you have to remember is that you and your ladies have a date with Britannia on the third Thursday in November at Tattersall's Club.

Yours sincerely,

T. T. MANNING,

Secretary.

The men who took it are  
now on their way to give it!





Established 14th May,  
1858.

# TATTERSALL'S CLUB

157 ELIZABETH STREET  
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**A**N Australian airman who had fought in the Battle of Britain and onward came home recently. He was asked by the newspapers where were his companions of the original unit. "They are either dead or wing-commanders," he said simply.

Life is lived that way in the rough going. How do the fellows stick it out? Pride, discipline and tradition explain something; but duty accounts for more.

Some airmen are more skilful than others, and more venturesome. Those especial qualities are evidenced in every company. They are the distinctions which persist in the presence of equal opportunity. The stuff of which leaders are made is plus, not par.

But duty is a common asset and reinforcement. Among airmen—as indeed among all Servicemen—duty is their unwritten code and their taskmaster. They accept duty unconditionally as something owing to themselves as individuals, to their squadron and to the common cause.

Nelson understood the full significance of the term. Before Trafalgar he might have signalled a stern or sentimental command. He was content with asking every man that day to do his duty. His consolation as death approached was : "Thank God I have done my duty!"

The men who died in the Battle of Britain, and those who lived to become wing-commanders, alike had done their duty. It is for us all to realise that duty is well done only when accompanied by its full quota of service.



# The Club Man's Diary

## NOVEMBER BIRTHDAYS: —

14th, C. Salon; 15th, F. D. Foskey;  
17th, H. L. Carter; 27th, J. H. O'Dea;  
26th, R. R. Coote; 27th, L. Noakes;  
29th, W. H. Davies; 30th, H.  
(Barney) Fay.

\* \* \*

E. H. (Teddy) Knight lived quiet days before his passing on October 6, but he was remembered as one of the most spectacular figures in two generations of turf history. As I knew him in later years he was a peculiar mixture of philosopher and fatalist, with a temperamental equipment that fitted him for the course in life he had chosen.

\* \* \*

Not long before his passing, I asked him in the club how he had stood up to the ordeal of seeing the second choice of a double supported for a fortune pipped by a head. He dismissed my question with a shrug and a smile. There I had a complete picture of the man. He will be remembered kindly by all who had the privilege of knowing him.

He became a member of Tattersall's Club on 15/9/1887. It might be mentioned as a matter of history that Mr. Knight's proposer was Mr. R. Saunders and his seconder Mr. J. D. Young.

\* \* \*

My grandson, aged 2½ years, may not suggest by his present flair and craftsmanship a potential Archibald Prize winner. He may have the makings of an art critic. His passion is to draw horses. If he can lay hold of any of my completed manuscripts to express that urge, all the better.

But as to his perception of my draftsmanship: the other evening he asked me to draw a horse. Viewing my creation, he declared: "Nice pussy-cat."

\* \* \*

One time at a dinner of artists and writers I mentioned to Norman Lindsay my limitations as a sketcher, adding: "Why, I cannot even draw a horse!" Norman smiled. "That's not so easy for artists," he declared.

In the past I had the job of thinking up ideas for a newspaper cartoonist. This fellow always retreated from the suggestion of drawing horses. His efforts resembled, more or less, rocking horses, or merry-go-round horses. I met his wishes as much as possible. But, one fine day, something broke in the news that could not be overlooked.

The only two horses in a race were named Drunken Dan and Teetotaller. I conceived the idea of Teetotaller, after jumping out to a great lead, being halted at the back of the course by a stopper and offered a swig of whisky. The inference was that Teetotaller was a silent drinker. The picture finished with Teetotaller staggering home lengths behind Drunken Dan.

The artist made the grade eventually, but with blood and sweat and tears. I don't think that he ever forgave me.

Besides, being himself a teetotaller, he could not enter into the spirit of the enterprise.

\* \* \*

Not trailing clouds of glory, as Wordsworth wrote, but shyly, his modest bearing befalling his spare structure and his quiet voice, one of the heroes of the war came into the club in the company of Selwyn Jones, manager of the Blue Star Line, and Sydney McCure, of that staff.

The honoured guest was Captain D. R. Macfarlane, first commander in the British Merchant Navy to be awarded the D.S.O. He also has the O.B.E. Until the Malta convoys, the D.S.O. was given only to Service personnel.

Captain Macfarlane, a New Zealander, with the Blue Star Line, is a veteran of the Malta convoys. "The Sun" wrote that he was awarded the "fighting" O.B.E. in 1941 for having "brought his ship to Malta with needed supplies."

Then came the big convoy of August, 1942. Captain Macfarlane won the D.S.O., Captain Mason, of the tanker Ohio, won the George Cross.

Captain Macfarlane told his story simply:

"A ship ahead of us blew up. It carried petrol. We had ammunition and petrol. We had to steam through a sea of flame. Airmen estimated the flames at 2000 feet. Thirty-seven of the passengers and crew jumped overboard. Fourteen were lost. We got through, although nobody gave us a chance."

From Sydney to Britain in 1940 Captain Macfarlane's ship was torpedoed in the Atlantic. After three days he and the survivors reached an Irish port.

Such is the stuff of which heroes are made, and of which the British breed provides its share when the Empire calls.

\* \* \*

Several of us were talking in the club of roses, when one of the company said that "the only roses were red roses," I quoted these lines by an Australian poet:

*Rose, lovely rose, a fairer rose was she,*

*Rose, white rose, I kiss your tender leaves,*

and asked the red-rose addict to name the poem and the poet. He could not, nor could any of the others. The answer was "The Woods of Dandenong," by Victor Daley. Some had heard of Daley, but none were acquainted with his work. All recollected Omar's line, about the red rose, and one volunteered to sing — on a suitable occasion — "The Red Rosebud." Apparently this was by way of appeasing me.

\* \* \*

I knew well the composer of the "The Red Rosebud" (words and music). His name was C. Murray Gibbes. Once, after he had played and sang it to me — to show, as he said, how it should be treated (heavens knows, it had been maltreated by many!)—I asked him how he came to compose the song; by what, or by whom, had it been inspired.

"It happened in real life," he said, "and to me;" Some years ago Murray Gibbes was reunited in the new life with the girl; this time for keeps.

\* \* \*

Ashes of the famous jockey-trainer Arthur Nightingall were scattered on the Derby racecourse at Epsom



("The Sun" reported). Nightingall, who was 76, won the Grand National three times. He lived at Epsom all his life and was born in the house now occupied by his nephew, Walter Nightingall, who trained last year's Derby winner.

\* \* \*

Hoppo, rider of Bootle, said the colt tired in the last hundred yards—from the "Sunday Telegraph" report of the Caulfield Cup.

*Hoppo, the rider of Bootle,  
Gave the colt a loud tootle;*

*He took it for stoppo,*

*(It really meant hoppo)*

*And Bootle's response was quite  
futil'.*

\* \* \*

Among the contingent of Diggers' wives was Mrs. K. C. Black, a young Irish woman. She told the reporters that the few minutes after the ship berthed until she reached her husband on the wharf were the longest in her life.

It takes one of the Irish to translate a yearning so yearningly — if ye git what I mean.

\* \* \*

When American Servicemen were being tutored in the game of cricket in Sydney one of them said to the coach: "Waal, I know absoolootly nix about the game. I dunno a bat from a ball. You'd better make me umpire."

\* \* \*

Quoted from "The Sun" (without comment):

Dr. Ellery, a leading psychiatrist of Hawthorn (Vic.) said his work covered all forms of nervous and mental disorders. Modern literature was one of his chief interests.

\* \* \*

"When people ask me what it feels like to jump out of a plane with a parachute, I say, in all seriousness, 'It's just like getting out of bed in the morning.' You know how it is. Some mornings you hate to get up. Other times, when you have something important to do, you bound out with no thought of the hardships involved. Well, that's the way it is with parachuting. It all depends on what's on your mind."—From "We Jumped to Fight," by Col. Edson D. Raff.

## THE CLUB'S PART IN TURF DAY

HYDE PARK, the site of Sydney's first racecourse, was the scene of many gay spectacles when jockeys weighed in with their whiskers, and claimed an allowance — if my history isn't amiss. Seldom in the stretch of years—the park meantime having been quartered, plundered and generally desecrated by "planners"—was the ancient rendezvous in gayer setting than on Turf Day, October 18, organised and conducted by all sections of the racing community to aid the Second Victory Loan.

Acclaiming this unique meeting a success—it brought £316,550 to the Loan — "Sydney Morning Herald" wrote: "Turf Day not only assisted the Second Victory Loan. It helped to bring again before the Australian public the big part played by the racing community in raising money for the war effort."

Tattersall's Club, of course, played its part, and with the distinction that has marked all the club's war

efforts, members invested £154,960 in the loan. When that sum is considered in conjunction with the great and regular contributions made from the club's race meetings and its carnival nights, Tattersall's Club may accept justifiably the public tribute that has been paid it: a national institution in its realm.

We must continue to live up to that tribute; we must—as we will—continue to earn public recognition on the higher plane of Service.

When we write "we" the reference is to our members, for the rewards accorded the club in public tributes are earned by members living up to the tradition of their club.

It is an honor to be a member of Tattersall's Club, and we must retain it as such by constant examples of national service in wartime.

Our thanks are extended to all who subscribed to the Loan, to all who assisted on Turf Day.

On all such occasions we will be well and worthily represented.

"He was opposed to a relentless, murderous foe, whose sole aim was to smash him into oblivion. . ."

No, it is not an invasion-front communique you are reading — merely a Sunday newspaper report of a contest of featherweights!

\* \* \*

Neither Vic Pearson nor any one of the gang succeeded in putting me off my early Epsom selection, Modulation, notwithstanding mysterious whisperings of sensational trials, run secretly in the shy light of dawn, by other fancies, several of which finished down the course on the day.

It remains to be said that when Mr. Pearson's "extra-special" for the Epsom got in the way of Modulation in the straight, Modulation didn't go round Mr. Pearson's "extra-special" but climbed over it.

\* \* \*

In the final days before the Metropolitan I became a little uneasy about my second string, Mayfowl, but was cheered considerably when I heard a voice within me say: "If

he doesn't win the Metropolitan he will win the Melbourne Cup." Meantime, to be on the safe side I saved on Nightbeam in the Metrop.

J. F. Archibald, formerly editor of "The Bulletin," once told a gathering of newspapermen, of which I was a member, that anyone born outside the Births, Deaths and Marriages" columns of "The Sydney Morning Herald" was illegitimate; any couple married outside the columns were living in sin; any person who died outside the columns was not legally dead.

During the recent dispute, many persons inconveniently died, babies were born out of season, and some persons took the risk of marrying. Since the settlement, the crop of advertisements suggests that adjustments are being hurriedly effected. The living may now go on living, the married may consider themselves as having been restored to pious relationship, and the dead may be deemed to be well and truly dead.

(Continued on Page 13.)



# TATTERSALL'S CLUB (SYDNEY)

## ANNUAL RACE MEETING

(RANDWICK RACECOURSE)

**FIRST DAY: SATURDAY, 30th DECEMBER, 1944**

### THE CARRINGTON STAKES

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £15 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 1 p.m. on **THURSDAY, 28th DECEMBER, 1944**, with £1,500 added. Second horse £300 and third horse £150 from the prize. The winner of The Villiers Stakes or the Summer Cup, 1944, to carry such penalty, if any, not exceeding 10lbs. as the Handicapper may impose and declare; such declaration to be made not later than 10 a.m. on Wednesday, 27th December, 1944.

**SIX FURLONGS.**

**SECOND DAY: MONDAY, 1st JANUARY, 1945**

### TATTERSALL'S CLUB CUP

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £15 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 1 p.m. on **THURSDAY, 28th DECEMBER, 1944**, with £1,500 added. Second horse £300, and third horse £150 from the prize. The winner of The Villiers Stakes, The Summer Cup or The Carrington Stakes, 1944, to carry such penalty, if any, not exceeding 10lbs., as the Handicapper may impose and declare; such declaration to be made not later than 7 p.m. on Saturday, 30th December, 1944.

**ONE MILE AND A HALF.**

**NOMINATIONS**, accompanied by first forfeit of £1, to be made with the Secretary, Tattersall's Club, Sydney, or the Secretary, Newcastle Jockey Club, Newcastle, before 4 p.m. on

**MONDAY, 27th NOVEMBER, 1944.**

and shall be subject to the Rules of Racing, By-laws and Regulations of the Australian Jockey Club for the time being in force and by which the nominator agrees to be bound.

**WEIGHTS** to be declared at 10 a.m. on **MONDAY, 11th DECEMBER, 1944.**

**ACCEPTANCES** are due with the Secretary, Tattersall's Club, Sydney, **ONLY**, before 1 p.m. on **THURSDAY, 28th DECEMBER, 1944.**

The Committee reserves to itself the right to reject, after acceptance time, all or any of the entries of the lower weighted horses accepting in any race in excess of the number of horses which would run in such a race without a division, except that provision may be made for three Emergency Acceptors to replace horses scratched or withdrawn from the original acceptance.

The horses on the same weight to be selected for rejection by lot.

The forfeits paid for horses rejected to be refunded as provided in A.J.C. Rule of Racing 50.

In the case of horses engaged in more than one race on the same day when such races are affected by the condition of elimination, a horse if an acceptor for more than one race, shall be permitted to start in one race only. The qualification to start to be determined in the order of the races on the advertised programme.

The Committee reserves the power from time to time to alter the date of running, to make any alteration or modification in this programme, alter the sequence of the races and the time for taking entries, declaration of handicaps, forfeits or acceptances, to vary the distance of any race and to change the venue of the meeting, and in the event of the Outer Course being used, races will be run at "ABOUT" the distances advertised.

The Committee also reserves to itself the right in connection with any of the above races, should the conditions existing warrant it, to reduce the amount of the prize money, forfeits and sweepstakes advertised, and to cancel the meeting should the necessity arise.

157 Elizabeth Street, Sydney.

T. T. MANNING,  
Secretary.

**Nominations for Minor Events close at 4 p.m. on Monday, Dec. 18, 1944**



# No. 1 FAMILY STILL ON TOP

## Bloodstock Breeders Can Study

The latest Derby winner is a No. 1 family horse. He is the ninth horse of this family to win the Derby since Bruce Lowe published his theory in 1894. In the same period there have been eleven Oaks winners and six St. Leger winners bred from this family. The total number of wins in the three chief classic races by horses of the No. 1 family is thus 24 in 50 years. I record the fact without comment, for this is a very controversial topic.

What the proportion of No. 1 family mares to the whole number in the Stud Book is at the present time, I am not aware. The last figures I have seen on this point are those which the late Captain Elgee published in the "Bloodstock Breeders' Review" of 1927. His figures were based on volume XXV of the "General Stud Book" (1925). In that year there were 735 No. 1 family mares included in a total of 5,846. This is a percentage of 12½. I assume that the proportional representation of mares in the Stud Book had not greatly altered in the last volume (1941), so that since there have been 148 races for the Derby, Oaks and St. Leger since 1894, the No. 1 family has produced 17 per cent. of the winners. This is appreciably more than can be accounted for strictly by their numbers in the Stud Book.

### Family Values.

But whatever views one may hold of the breeding value of No. 1 family mares generally, there is no matter of doubt of the great value and importance of mares descending in tail-female from the No. 1 family mare Paraffin, by Blair Athol, which the late Lord Rosebery acquired for the Mentmore Stud in 1873 from General Pearson, who had already bred the classic winners, Achievement and Lord Lyon, from Paraffin's dam.

Ocean Swell is the third Derby winner bred from Paraffin in tail female that has won the Derby in the primrose and rose jacket. The

others were Ladas (1894) and Cicero (1905). Ladas also won the Two Thousand. Other classic winners that the late Lord Rosebery bred from mares of the Paraffin line were Neil Gow, Chelandry and Vacluse. The present Earl was also greatly unlucky not to have added to the total last year with Ribbon.

Another owner who has done very well with mares of the Paraffin line is Lord Astor, who acquired Paraffin's great granddaughter Popinjay. From Popinjay's daughters he bred the Oaks and the One Thousand winner, Saucy Sue, the Oaks winner Pogrom, and the St. Leger winner, Book Law; while from Book Law's sister he bred his Two Thousand winner, Pay Up. That good horse Rhodes Scholar, too, was a son of Book Law.

The third Earl of Durham acquired a granddaughter of Paraffin in 1886, named Ballatrix, and from the family of mares that he built up from her came his own Oaks winner, Beam (1927) and Light Brocade (who won the Oaks in 1934, as well as the two Ascot Cup winners, Trimdon and Foxhunter. Other classic winners that have been bred from the Paraffin family were Prince Palatine (the St. Leger and two Gold Cups at Ascot), Bettina (the One Thousand in 1921), and Galatea II (Oaks and One Thousand and in 1939).

### A Great Record.

To have produced the winners of 18 classic races and the winner of the Ascot Cup five times, is a truly remarkable record for one small family of mares in the space of 50 years; Ladas in 1894 having been the first classic winner of the line. It seems not to admit of doubt that there has been some particular quality inherent in the mares of the Paraffin line which has been and is being transmitted from generation to generation, enabling these mares to produce so frequently the best racing stock of the day.

The success of Hycilla in the Oaks has raised that other controversial subject in bloodstock breeding — the question of eligibility for inclusion in the Stud Book. Mr. William Woodward's mare is the second so-called half-bred to have won the Oaks within the space of ten years.

As a daughter of Hyperion, Hycilla is, of course, accepted thoroughbred in the top half of her pedigree. Her dam, Priscilla Carter, is by Omar Khayam out of The Reef. Omar Khayam, by Marco out of Lisma, is thoroughbred and was sent to the U.S.A. in 1915. The Reef was by Trap Rock out of Pyramid. Trap Rock was thoroughbred, being by Rock Sand out of Topiary, by Orme out of the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire winner, Plaisanterie. Pyramid was by Hastings out of St. Priscilla. This last mare was a thoroughbred coming of the same branch of the No. 2 family as The Tetrarch.

### Raised in Virginia.

Hastings also is thoroughbred beyond doubt on his dam's side, coming out of the same branch of the No. 21 family as the 1936 Two Thousand winner, Le Ksar. But Hastings is not accepted as thoroughbred by Messrs. Weatherby because he is by Spendthrift, whose sire was a thoroughbred son of West Australian. In tail-female, however, we have no certain record of Spendthrift's pedigree back beyond 1784, in which year a certain Virginian, Colonel John Tayloe, imported from England an eight years old grey horse called Medley, a thoroughbred by Gimcrack out of Arminda, a mare of the No 3 family. It is as far as mating between the stallion Medley and an unknown mare that we can trace Spendthrift's, and so Hycilla's, pedigree.

Medley's unknown mate there in those years immediately following the American Revolution may or may not have been a thoroughbred mare but, because there can be no certainty that she was thorough-



bred, Hycella's dam and her daughters are not accepted by the Editors of our General Stud Book.

There was no native breed of horses in America. The first horses to be introduced to the American continent were those that the Spanish conquistadores brought to Mexico in the sixteenth century. If Medley's mate, to whom Hycella traces back in tail-female, were not an English thoroughbred, she was most likely a descendant of these Spanish horses, many of which came to roam wild and multiply over the plains of Southern North America.

#### *The Barbary Breed.*

The Spanish horses of the sixteenth century were identical with the Barbary breed in North Africa, so that the Spanish horse was reckoned the best of all the European breeds at that time. It was horses of this Spanish Barb type that the Spanish invaders took to Mexico. There can be no question that when roaming wild these animals debased their breed by admixture with an inferior native stock, for no native stock existed.

These Spanish horses were much prized by the early settlers in the British colonies in North America for their speed, endurance and elegantly formed limbs and good looks. The records of travellers there remark upon these horses, and speak of them as fully the equal, and sometimes superior, to the breed at home.

No people could have been more careful to preserve the quality of their horses, to keep the breed free from debasing influences than these old sporting plantation owners of the Southern Atlantic States, where the South Carolina Jockey Club was established in 1734 and the Maryland Jockey Club in 1743. Our own Jockey Club was not founded until 1750. For these reasons American thoroughbred breeders are perhaps not unnaturally somewhat resentful of the implied inferiority of their thoroughbred racing stock of which exclusion from our own "General Stud Book" is a manifestation.

More recently, however, the supporters of continued exclusion of the American stock from our Stud Book have taken their stand not on

the ground of the alleged inferiority of the American horse, but on the ground that the "General Stud Book" is an authentic record of the origin and development of the British thoroughbred horse, and that if American bred mares were admitted to it the record would cease to have authenticity.

#### *Imposing a Ban.*

But it cannot be denied that the agitation in the Jockey Club just before the last war which led Messrs. Weatherby to exclude from the book mares like Hycella and her dam was stirred up by the conviction that an influx of mares of that kind would lead to a debasement of our own thoroughbred stock. The late Captain T. H. Browne in his "History of the English Turf" says: "Many of the principal breeders in this country supported the contention that admission of these mares to the Stud Book was likely to be detrimental to British bloodstock."

Moreover, since the 1913 ruling was not made retrospective to exclude such a mare as Orby's dam whose origin was no less obscure in tail-female than is Priscilla Carter's, the "General Stud Book" is no longer an authentic record of the development and interbreeding of the original authentic British thoroughbred stock. Orby's son, Grand Parade, was highly successful as a sire of brood mares, and the success of such stallions at the present as Sir Cosmo, Gold Bridge and Panorama means that in another 20 years the pedigrees in the "General Stud Book" are going to be riddled through and through with crosses of the untraced strain of blood that was admitted with Orby's dam.

In these circumstances to say that a mare such as Priscilla Carter must be excluded, because to admit her would invalidate the authenticity of our records, is nonsense. Their authenticity is invalidated already, and has been for the past 40 years.

#### *Equal to the Best.*

Personally, I do not think the value of a mare like Priscilla Carter is affected one way or the other, whether Messrs. Weatherby have her in their book or not. A mare that can trace her origin back to nothing but acknowledged thor-

oughbreds roots for over 150 years is as near thoroughbred as makes no matter. And when she can produce a daughter who so clearly proves herself the best of her age and sex as Hycella did in the Oaks, there can be no question that the stock she produces is fully the equal of that of any approved thoroughbred mare.

There was a suggestion made in the correspondence columns of this paper a few weeks ago that, if mares such as Priscilla Carter were admitted to our "General Stud Book," the prestige which approved British thoroughbred stock enjoys throughout the world, wherever they breed and race horses, would be gravely impaired. I cannot see it.

It seems rather to me that breeders in France, Argentina, Australia or elsewhere, when they see a mare like Priscilla Carter producing stock superior to our own acknowledged thoroughbreds, are likely to have to consider very seriously whether they are justified in continuing to deprive themselves of the opportunity of acquiring demonstrably valuable bloodstock simply because the British Turf authorities persist unyieldingly in giving effect to what has

(Continued on Page 16.)

## KEEP YOUR HAIR ON!



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5

**McMahon's** FOR HAIR AND SCALP



# TRACING BILLIARDS BACK TO ITS BIRTH

Interesting Quotations from Ancient Writers—Frequent Mention in the Classics

A couple of issues back there were detailed several quotations on billiards by old writers.

It has long been a hobby by students to arrive at a definite date for the origin of the game and the quotations give an undeniable line on possibilities. Let's to it:—

Shakespeare had Cleopatra say, "Let's to billiards," but everyone knows the game which the fractious lady suggested did not take place.

Spencer, in his "Mother Hubbard's Tales" causes the Ape to entertain young roysterers with:

'Dice, with cards,  
with billiards  
farre unfit;  
With shuttlecocks,  
misseeming man-  
tle wit.'

Ben Johnson in "Celebration of Chloris" draws a dainty simile from billiards when, referring to the lady's charms, he says:

'Even nose and cheek withall  
Smooth as a billiard ball.'

In Locke's "Essay on the Human Understanding" we find this:

'When the ball obeys the billiard stick, it is not any action of the ball but mere passion.'

Gayton, in his notes on "Don Quixote," published in 1654, refers to billiards as

'being played in taverns.'

Twenty years after Gayton's description Evelyn describes a billiard table which he saw in the house of the Portuguese Ambassador, and explains:

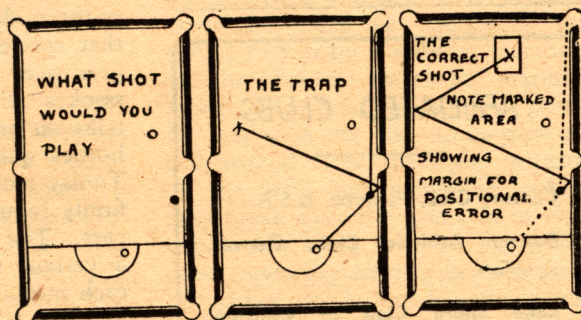
'The balls were struck with sticks shod with silver or brass.'

Among the authenticated items in the expenditure of King James I is a note of payment to a "joyner" for a billiard table made of walnut wood.

Probably the greatest attention given in any early publication ap-

peared in the "Compleat Gamester" published in 1674 and edited by Charles Cotton:

'The gentile, cleanly, and most ingenious game at billiards had its first origin in Italy, and for the excellency of the recreation is much approved and plaid by most nations in Europe, especially in England, there being few towns of note therein which hath not a publick billiard



Walter Lindrum gives another instance of the correct shot to play. Where the average amateur would play a cannon to start the break, the champion plays a "long jenney" but, note carefully, he plays with double strength to leave a drop-cannon for the second shot. This positional play is what professionals call "top-of-the-table in two." Players should avoid the trap of playing the first shot too slowly.

table; neither are they wanting in many noble and private families in the country for the recreation of the mind and the exercise of the body.'

In the days about which Cotton writes the cushions were stuffed with fine flax or cotton, and the "maces" were of heavy wood, tipped with ivory. The balls were also ivory.

Charles Cotton also produced a picture of two gentlemen playing at an oblong table with six pockets, prodding at the balls with the broad ends of the "maces" held over their shoulders. "Maces" were used to prevent cutting of the cloth.

## The Birth of the Cue.

The modern cue appears to have come to us from the French, Italians or Dutch, who treated with humour and disdain the English method of using the more bulky and cumbrous "mace."

The Elector of Saxony issued, in 1716, a regulation which set forth: 'Those who frequent billiard rooms must be served by male persons.'

That suggests that in far-off days there were women markers. Is history repeating itself? Judged by the modern trend of things it won't be long now!

In more recent days, readers of Smedley will recall that in "Frank Fairleigh" the author heads one of his chapters with a quotation from a supposed old legend:

'The devil he baited a trap  
With billiard balls and a cue;  
And he chose as marker  
An imp much darker  
Than all the rest in hue.  
And he put on his Sunday clothes,  
And he played with saint and sin-  
ner;

For he'd found out a way  
To make the thing pay,  
And when losing HE STILL WAS  
THE WINNER!'

In Byron's "Don Juan," canto XIV, there are these lines:

'You'll never guess, I'll bet you  
millions, milliards,  
It all sprang from a harmless  
game of billiards.'

Thackeray defines billiards:

"A ball in hand is worth three  
pushed about on a table by  
two men with sticks."

Of course there are many other instances of recognition of the game by ancients but, surely, sufficient thereof for purposes of this article.

## ODD AND ENDS.

Here's a motto espied in a Sydney billiard salon:

"A ball in hand is worth three  
badly placed on the table."

\* \* \*

A Rules couplet of 1640:

"If any stander by shall chance to  
bet  
and will instruct  
He then must pay the set."



# HE ALSO SERVES—MAYBE

## These Days One Waits for the Waiter

(By JULIET DANZIGER)

When you eat at a restaurant these days it is a moot question exactly who is the waiter. You wait for a table. You get a table. Then you wait for the waiter. First you try being meek; then when you think you've caught the waiter's eye you venture a cajoling smile, and finally but futilely, anguished with hunger, you bark: "I've been waiting here a half hour!"

While many of the luxury restaurants try to shield their customers from the brutal facts of life, one club in the West Fifties has called a spade a spade. Where all can see hangs this warning: "Don't cross our waiters. We can always get customers."

Between Scylla and Charybdis is the harassed restaurant owner. He has more customers to-day than he knows what to do with and fewer waiters to serve them. He must keep his waiters, he wants to keep his customers. If he isn't turning on all his ye-host charm to pacify an impatient customer, he's exercising his persuasive powers to soothe the injured feelings of a disgruntled waiter. Said one widely known restaurateur of the Grand Central district, whose staff of waiters is built around a group of employees of long standing: "If one were to leave, I'd have to close up. When a waiter threatens to walk out I just lock the door, invite him to the bar for a drink, and together we liquidate our troubles."

According to the impressario of a venerable Italian restaurant in the Broadway part of town, much of the waiter trouble is caused by the customers.

"They don't leave enough tips," he explained. "The waiter can't live on his pay, and out he walks. The restaurant owner is not allowed to raise the price of his meals. He can't pay his waiters more. With fewer waiters, service is poor. Tips are less. It's a vicious circle."

Restaurant owners will go to bat for their waiters when the change

on the plate is not all that it should be.

"I politely explain the situation to these erring customers," said one, "and they all come to see the light. Fifteen cents should be the minimum tip for table service to-day even when it is only a sandwich and a cup of coffee."

It is especially in the middle-class restaurants that the waiter's lot is

when it's less he is justified in asking for more, and he does."

Some customers laugh, and willingly, though sheepishly, fork out an extra dime or quarter. Others, according to this waiter, know they are leaving too small a tip and "run like the dickens." It is the out-of-townners who are the chief culprits, he says. But they just have to be told, if they don't know.

Abhorred by the waiter as much as the under-tipper is the over-sitter, that species of eater-outer who lingers over the last drop of coffee, smokes still another cigarette and talks on and on oblivious of unfed hordes queued up at the entrance. To-day most restaurants politely but firmly request the over-sitters to depart. The waiter counts on serving a certain number of customers at each meal. The over-sitter by usurping the table-space cuts down the number of tips.

One waiter requested a prosperous-looking woman to leave after she had finished her coffee and cigarette. The woman was startled.

"Why, I've never been asked to leave a restaurant before," she gasped.

"Yes, lady," the waiter explained, "but I have to support a wife and two children and a father-in-law and a mother-in-law. Your sitting costs me money."

The woman was impressed.

"I never looked at it that way before," she said, and handed the waiter a five-dollar bill.

"What's more," related the waiter, "she got right up and left."

The perfect waiter of your trip abroad days, whom you called garcon in France and Kellner in Germany, was a master craftsman, proud of his profession. As a youth he had served his apprenticeship of two years, formally bound to a restaurateur or hotelkeeper from whom he received no wages or tips, only board and lodging and an education in the school of long hours,

### AFFILIATED CLUBS

**Century Club**, Panama, U.S.A.

**Denver Athletic Club**, Denver, U.S.A.

**Lake Shore Club of Chicago**, Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Ill.

**Los Angeles Athletic Club**, Los Angeles, Cal., U.S.A.

**Olympic Club**, San Francisco, Cal., U.S.A.

**New York Athletic Club**, 180 Central Park South, New York, U.S.A.

**Terminal City Club**, 837 West Hastings St., Vancouver, B.C.

**The San Diego Club**, San Diego, Cal., U.S.A.

not an easy one. One waiter in a popular restaurant off Broadway exploded with indignation against the under-tipper.

"People don't realise that a waiter must live on his tips," he complained. "They think that the amount of a tip is optional. These days it is not. If a customer can afford to pay more than a dollar for dinner, the waiter expects him to leave a 25-cent tip. He'll accept 10 per cent. of the check without grumbling, but



temperamental chefs, arrogant head waiters and demanding customers.

He learned the hard way, but for all time, that a napkin may be held only in the hand, under the arm or over the forearm, never stuck in pants or coat pocket; that a good waiter does not swing his arms, nor yet hold them too stiffly; never speaks unless spoken to; and never, never puts bordelaise sauce on ice cream or remoulade in the soup. Next he made the grand tour of Europe for a year to polish up on languages. He was then ready for induction into the exclusive "Union Ganymede," with branches in Leipzig and London.

These continental-trained Ganymedes still often serve you at our leading hotels and restaurants (their earnings of 75 to 100 dollars a week make them immune to the lures of war jobs), but to-day all a waiter needs to join the waiters' union is two weeks of approved experience plus citizenship papers. And with the manpower shortage growing more acute, any man who knows the difference between spinach and charlotte russe is welcome to climb behind a white dicky and black tie and should earn, with tips, from 45 to 50 dollars by working six days a week in a night club, or from 35-40 dollars at the average restaurant. Even in the luxury restaurants and 1st class hotels the waitress is slowly making inroads, and busboys have been replaced by busgirls.

The manpower shortage has hit hardest in the better-grade chain restaurants, which even before this busy time went in for the American youth earning his way through college type. Formerly they could pick from a rotating crop of pre-meds, pre-laws, and aspiring Ph. D.'s, or actors down on their luck; but to-day the reservoir of college men has dried up and actors no longer seem down. The waiters, especially on the 9 to 1 supper shift, are now drawn from the ranks of white-collar workers. They are men whose business has been curtailed, or men who are frozen in low-salaried positions, or Government employees, all seeking to supplement their incomes by holding a second job.

If the waiter who serves your after-theatre chicken-salad roll and soda looks familiar to you, he's probably the man who sold you your vacuum cleaner or 1940 car. For many salesmen whose lines have become extinct are now found balancing a tray. They get the stride and swing the first three days or never, according to one personnel manager, who welcomes any healthy male with two hands, provided he isn't left-handed. For manpower shortage or no manpower shortage, there is still no case on record of a swinging door being rehung to accommodate a left-handed waiter.

In one of those restaurants where the forsythia blooms, your griddle cakes and coffee may frequently be served to you by a stalwart member of the British merchant marine, making hay while his ship is in port. He may steer the plate to its port of call around from the right instead of the left, and waves of coffee may break over the gunwale of the cup as it is being lowered, but what your seaworthy servitor lacks in skill he makes up in good nature and honest efforts to please.

As for the cardinal principle of professional waitering — not speaking unless spoken to — your British seaman violates all the rules, as one customer who left a piece of parsley on her plate recently discovered.

"Lady," said the pinch-hit waiter, who'd been torpedoed twice and spent plenty of times as a prisoner in a German submarine. "No dessert until you're eaten that there parsley. Greens are important. I know."

The lady ate the parsley.

Despite the blandishments of the highest paying establishments, there remains in the city a floating population of from 5,000 to 10,000 waiters, most of whom spurn steady jobs. These floaters, known as "banquet waiters" or "extras," are found wandering from hotel to hotel every day seeking out single engagements — a convention dinner at the New Yorker, a woman's club luncheon at the Waldorf, a fraternity banquet at the Biltmore. About 99 per cent. of these wanderers are old-timers ranging in age from 50 to 70. They receive pay, in addition to tips, according to the number of tables they

take care of. The daily take, if the waiter serves a noonday luncheon and a late dinner besides, averages from 15 to 20 dollars if and when he works. These men like to get around, and they will lay off for a few days whenever the spirit moves them.

The answer to the waiter problem has, of course, been the waitress. But where are the waitresses of yesterday? The war plants have spirited them all away, so that when a restaurant sends out a searching expedition for an experienced waitress it usually return with an elderly housewife who wants to work for three hours a day and earn a bit of extra money, or with a serviceman's wife who is at work one day and gone for the next three if her husband happens to blow into town.

One restaurant chain where women shoppers are wont to go for a dainty salad or sandwich once never made passes at girls who wore glasses or who had bobbed hair or used lipstick. Now, the management is frank to admit, the only obstacles to replacement are nail-biting and two-tone hair-dye jobs.

—"New York Times Magazine."



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# TATTERSALL'S CLUB (SYDNEY)

## ANNUAL RACE MEETING at RANDWICK RACECOURSE

**Saturday, December 30, 1944 — Monday, January 1, 1945**

### PROGRAMME.

#### First Day, Saturday, 30th December, 1944.

##### THE MAIDEN HANDICAP.

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £5 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 1 p.m. on Thursday, 28th December, 1944; with £500 added. Second horse £100, and third horse £50 from the prize. For maiden horses five-year-old and under at time of starting. Lowest handicap weight not less than 7st. SEVEN FURLONGS.

##### THE JUVENILE STAKES.

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £6 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 1 p.m. on Thursday, 28th December, 1944; with £600 added. Second horse £120, and third horse £60 from the prize. For two-year-olds. Lowest handicap weight, not less than 7st. FIVE FURLONGS.

##### THE CARRINGTON STAKES.

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £15 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 1 p.m. on Thursday, 28th December, 1944; with £1,500 added. Second horse £300, and third horse £150 from the prize. The winner of The Villiers Stakes or The Summer Cup, 1944, to carry such penalty, if any, not exceeding 10lb., as the Handicapper may impose and declare. Such declaration to be made not later than 10 a.m. on Wednesday, 27th December, 1944. SIX FURLONGS.

##### THE NOVICE HANDICAP.

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £6 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 1 p.m. on Thursday, 28th December, 1944; with £600 added. Second horse £120, and third horse £60 from the prize. For horses five-years-old and under which have never, at time of starting, won a flat race (Maiden Race excepted) of the value to the winner of more than £50. Lowest handicap weight, not less than 7st. ONE MILE.

##### THE PACE WELTER.

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £6 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 1 p.m. on Thursday, 28th December, 1944; with £600 added. Second horse £120, and third horse £60 from the prize. Lowest handicap weight, not less than 7st. 7lb. ONE MILE.

##### THE DENMAN HANDICAP.

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £6 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 1 p.m. on Thursday, 28th December, 1944; with £750 added. Second horse £150, and third horse £75 from the prize. Lowest handicap weight, not less than 7st. ONE MILE AND A QUARTER.

#### Second Day, Monday, 1st January, 1945.

##### THE NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £6 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 9 p.m. on Saturday, 30th December, 1944; with £600 added. Second horse £120, and third horse £60 from the prize. For three-year-olds at time of starting. Lowest handicap weight, not less than 7st. ONE MILE.

##### THE NURSERY HANDICAP.

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £6 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 9 p.m. on Saturday, 30th December, 1944; with £600 added. Second horse £120, and third horse £60 from the prize. For two-year-olds. Lowest handicap weight, not less than 7st. FIVE FURLONGS.

##### THE FLYING WELTER.

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £6 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 9 p.m. on Saturday, 30th December, 1944; with £700 added. Second horse £140, and third horse £70 from the prize. Lowest handicap weight, not less than 7st. 7lbs. SIX FURLONGS.

##### TATTERSALL'S CLUB CUP.

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £15 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 1 p.m. on Thursday, 28th December, 1944; with £1,500 added. Second horse £300, and third horse £150 from the prize. The winner of The Villiers Stakes, The Summer Cup or The Carrington Stakes, 1944, to carry such penalty, if any, not exceeding 10lb., as the Handicapper may impose and declare. Such declaration to be made not later than 7 p.m. on Saturday, 30th December, 1944. ONE MILE AND A HALF.

##### THE ENCOURAGE HANDICAP.

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £5 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 9 p.m. on Saturday, 30th December, 1944; with £500 added. Second horse £100, and third horse £70 from the prize. For horses five-years-old and under which have never at time of starting won a flat race (Maiden and Novice Races excepted) of the value to the winner of more than £75. Lowest handicap weight, not less than 7st. SEVEN FURLONGS.

##### THE ALFRED HILL HANDICAP.

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £6 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 9 p.m. on Saturday, 30th December, 1944; with £600 added. Second horse £120, and third horse £60 from the prize. Lowest handicap weight, not less than 7st. ONE MILE.

Nominations are to be made with the Secretary of Tattersall's Club, Sydney, or the Secretary, N.J.C., Newcastle; as follows:—The Carrington Stakes and Tattersall's Club Cup before 4 p.m. on Monday, 27th November, 1944. Minor Events before 4 p.m. on Monday, 18th December, 1944. Nominations shall be subject to the Rules of Racing, By-laws and Regulations of the Australian Jockey Club for the time being in force and by which the Nominator agrees to be bound.

**Penalties:** In all races (The Carrington Stakes and Tattersall's Club Cup excepted) a penalty on the following scale shall be carried by the winner of a handicap flat race after the declaration of weights, viz.: when the value of the prize to the winner is £50 or under, 3lb.; over £50 and not more than £100, 5lb.; over £100, 7lb.

**Weights to be declared as follows:**—For The Carrington Stakes and Tattersall's Club Cup, at 10 a.m., Monday, 11th December, 1944; For Minor Events, First Day, at 10 a.m. Wednesday, 27th December, 1944; and for Minor Events, Second Day, at 7 p.m., Saturday, 30th December, 1944.

**Acceptances** are due with the Secretary of Tattersall's Club only as follows: For all races on the First day and Tattersall's Club Cup before 1 p.m., Thursday, 28th December, 1944, and for all Races on the Second Day (Tattersall's Club Cup excepted) before 9 p.m. Saturday, 30th December, 1944.

The Committee reserves to itself the right to reject, after acceptance time, all or any of the entries of the lower weighted horses accepting in any race in excess of the number of horses which would be run in such a race without a division, except that provision may be made for three Emergency Acceptors to replace horses scratched or withdrawn from the original acceptance.

The horses on the same weight to be selected for rejection by lot.

The nomination fees for horses rejected to be refunded as provided in A.J.C. Rule 50 of Racing.

In the case of horses engaged in more than one race on the same day, when such races are affected by condition of elimination, a horse if an acceptor for more than one race, shall be permitted to start in one race only. The qualification to start to be determined in the order of the races on the advertised programme.

The Committee reserves the power from time to time to alter the date of running, to make any alteration or modification in this programme, alter the sequence of the races and the time for taking entries, declaration of handicaps, forfeits or acceptances, to vary the distance of any race and to change the venue of the meeting, and in the event of the Outer Course being used, races will be run at "About" the distances advertised.

The Committee also reserves to itself the right in connection with any of the above Races, should the conditions existing warrant it, to reduce the amount of the prize money, forfeits and sweepstakes advertised, and to cancel the meeting should the necessity arise.

157 Elizabeth Street, SYDNEY.

T. T. MANNING,  
Secretary.



# A Tribute to Father Thames

(By ARTHUR HASLAM)

We learn to know a river as we do a human being. The first glance tells us little, and the thousandth may discover little more if we are still looking at the same reach of water in the same mood. One may watch his river at many points, in many moods, at seasons wide apart, and most of all one must see it shining in the beam of fancy, if one is ever to know it well. Swift near the source, and slow at the mouth; in one place wide, at another narrow; grey under yesterday's sky and blue beneath to-day's.

It does not give up its inner secret to a hasty judgment any more than does a man or woman. Many impressions must be gathered and combined, gaps must be filled by cautious inference before at last one tries to imagine the stream in its entire essential nature. This will take time, patience, affection, skill and humility. I have experimented with this time-exposure on many important streams and one in particular, because, perhaps its name charmed me even before I ever saw it, and stimulated nostalgic images. For now I know this river from source to mouth. I have seen it at dawn and at midnight. At all seasons have gazed into it from many bridges, have walked its towpaths, have floated up and down it in canoes, boats and steamers, have wandered in its meadows many sunny hours; I know the song the skylarks shower down upon it, and the fluting of the blackbirds in its elms. Moreover, I have been absent from this river for years at a time, thinking about it when on the Arid Plains of India, and from the far shore of the Atlantic, trying to build up its total image in memory. And this is why when I hear the word "River" I think of the Thames.

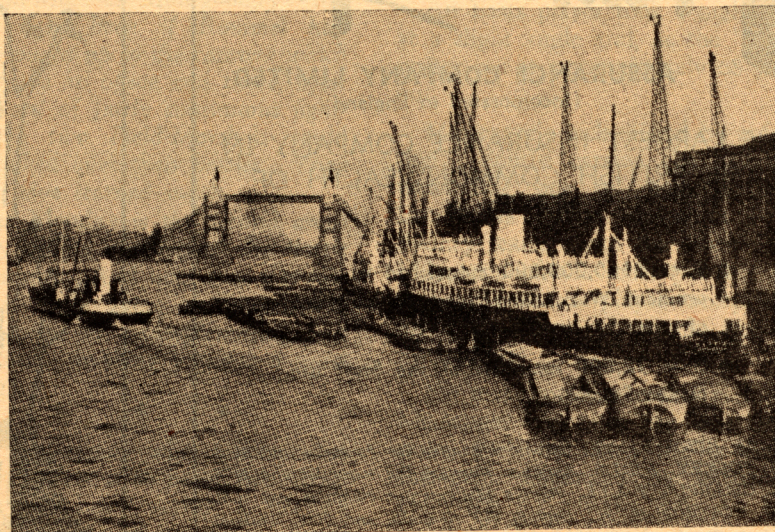
The Mississippi may be longer, the Amazon wider, the Nile more mysterious, but which of these is so versatile, so various, serving equally for commerce and sport, for beauty and use, for industry and poetry? What other river comes down out of such a fair land as the Cotswolds, or has made such another city as London? For unquestionably Lon-

don is the child of Father Thames. Without the river there would not have been that city, and without the city we should not have the poems of Chaucer, the plays of Shakespeare, or perhaps the British Empire and Commonwealth, or even representative government. Sitting by the source of the river, in those Cotswold meadows, I tried to think what sort of world we should now have if those meadows had been tilted westward to spill their rivulets into the Severn. Would England have beaten the Armada, won the seven seas, or wrested America from France and Spain? We may reasonably doubt it. Without the Thames this would be a different world, and not one quite so good.

Starting in those same meadows, fancy delights to follow the river's winding course from Thames Head to the Nore, a distance of some two hundred miles. How swiftly the stream expands! Here one can toss a daisy across it, but at Oxford not everyone could throw a stone from bank to bank. At London Bridge its width is beyond an arrow's flight, and where it meets the sea it is more than five miles across. That growth is owing to its many tributaries, which I remember not for their own charm alone, but for their euphonious names: Windrush, Evenbode, Cherwell, Ock, Thames, Pang,

Kennett, Loddon, Coln, Wey, Mole, Brent, Wandle, Ravensbourne, Lea and Darent. How could any river fail to be beautiful that had streams with such musical names?

From the little rounded hills of the Cotswold country, where it hears all day the blether of folded or wandering sheep, it glides into the rich corn lands by Lechlade and Kelmscott, where William Morris knew it best, and so down to Matthew Arnold's Bablock Hythe, past Godstow Nunnery where the swans sail, and on to Oxford, looping leisurely and clear. In the years of peace there is no dreamier land in all the world than this that is watered by the upper reaches of the Thames. One may drift there all day long and hear nothing noisier than the plunge of the water-hen. Farmhouses and steadings, bridges, churches, and the very trees of the meadows round about, are grey with immemorial years. Men and Nature are partners there. The fields of barley and oats and wheat that spread to the river's edge are as beautiful as the river itself. If anything of importance has ever happened to break the timeless hush of the Upper Thames, history has ignored it. At Oxford, however, the stream emerges into time, and at Abingdon and Dorchester, although they have forgotten most of what



*The Upper and Lower Pools extend from London Bridge to the westward end of Limehouse Reach. This picture of the Upper Pool illustrates vital shipping activities in the heart of London.*



they once knew, there was once a mighty stir. Julius Caesar knew Wallingford, and William the Conqueror is overtaken at Royal Windsor.

Down and down flows the river, and with every mile it comes closer to modernity. It flows through time as well as through space. It has worn a deep channel in the years. At Thomaes Head it remembers the Old Stone Men; but onward, where it rushes with the tide, under the City bridges, it seems to stretch forth towards the future.

Yet the River of London — as the Thames may well be called on the last quarter of its course — has also a noble history, ranging far back. The Romans bridged it, thereby determining numberless later events; Saxon farmers neglected it; the Normans used it as a bulwark, a boundary, and a highway. By Chaucer's time it was already alive with traffic; and in the days of Elizabeth it was more crowded than Cheapside. Of all the scenes the

river has reflected, I should choose some occasion of state when this Queen set forth in her barge, with her ladies and gentlemen around her, with the hundreds of boatmen floating near, and half of London gazing proudly from the bridge. The Thames is beautiful, too, in our time, although its mood and total aspect have changed. Instead of audacious and youthful gladness, it now suggests a vast and massive power. The cares of Empire have darkened it, and it is sobered by world-wide responsibilities. As one looks down the river through the mist of smoke and steam the thought comes of widespreading Canada, mighty India and Australia, as in some sense the river's children. Thus it is, then, that the knowledge of a river grows, like our knowledge of human beings. But what is knowledge worth unless it be fused together in the white intensity of imagination? So I claim the Thames in its essential nature is something more than the sum of all that I

know about it. And more than once, while watching at twilight how the tides throb to an fro under London Bridge, while thinking of how they have come and gone through the ages on the pulse of the sea's great heart-beat, I have suddenly seen the river all the way from source to mouth, drawn down like a silver seam through the green garment of England.

Published in "The Port of London Authority Monthly," August, 1944.

Message from New York published in Sydney "Daily Telegraph":—

"A crowd of 170,000 saw Birchtree win the Russian Derby, reports Eddy Gilmore, Associated Press correspondent in Moscow. 'Russian racing is something of a challenge to hard-bitten punters, as you have to pick first and second horses to win,' Gilmore says. 'After the Derby, spectators rushed forward with garlands, which were hung on the trainer, not the horse. The prize-money, 10,000 roubles, also went to the trainer.'"

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## The Club Man's Diary

(Continued from Page 3.)

Cook was criticised for rushing Cream Puff from 12th place at the six furlongs to a place with the leaders entering the straight. Cook said he had no option but to go round the outside of the field—Press report of the Metropolitan.

*Too many cooks oft spoil the broth,  
And leave the punters feeling wrath.  
One cook in this case was enough  
To spoil the cream with too much  
puff . . .*

*Contrariwise, had Cookie won,  
Would Cream Puff have been over-  
done?*

\* \* \*

You remember the old catch. Sisters and brothers have I none, but that man's father is my father's son—whose picture are you looking at? The answer is your own. That goes back to our childhood.

When I read certain of the evidence in the Dobell case, and took a look at my picture—taken for identification purposes in my newspaper job—the following testimony of a Macquarie Street specialist read familiarly:

"Dobell's portrait showed the body of a man who had died in a peculiar position, remained in that position for several months, and had dried up."

Every time I look at my own picture those lines recur.

\* \* \*

This message cabled from Montreal appeared recently in Sydney newspapers: "Captain Roy Brown, who shot down the German air ace, Baron von Richthofen, in 1918, died to-day at the age of 50."

Not one Australian newspaper contested this claim, although evidence to the contrary is available from Diggers who saw the whole show, including the Australian Lewis gunner, Buie, who "winged" the German flyer, and a brother of mine who, as senior officer in control of that sector, took charge of the body. My brother, who was on the right of Buie, now living in Sydney—wrote me "the history of the Richthofen case." One day I will hand it to the Mitchell Library.

Richthofen, flying very low, was chasing an Australian plane towards the Aussie lines. Realising his

danger, the German suddenly turned away. At that moment the Australian Lewis gunners let fly, and the German was shot down for good and all. An examination disclosed that he had been shot under the heart.

Years later I introduced my brother to the managing editor of the Sydney daily newspaper on which I was employed. The managing editor recognised him immediately and said: "I remember, you handed over to me Richthofen's body."

\* \* \*

The news instinct of newspapermen persists, even when occasion limits their scope for expression. During the newspaper dispute the death of Rommel was reported. I was regretting the opportunity apparently lost, in the circumstances, for an article speculating on a meeting of the German General and his former rival, Montgomery, had that occurred through the capture of Rommel. Within a day or two the story appeared written by Alan Moorehead, "S.M. Herald's" war correspondent, from Holland, and aptly entitled "Poor End To Great Story." Here is the despatch in part:

*We were all sitting around in the staff mess after dinner, last night, with the rain pouring on the canvas, when the news of Rommel's death came through.*

*There was pride, perhaps, or satisfaction, but certainly a feeling of strange regret. The greatest moment of Field-Marshal Montgomery's life would have been if Rommel had been brought up to the caravan which he used as an office and there, after two years' of fairly continuous fighting, the two Field-M Marshals could have talked over their battles. They would have learned much.*

*Next Monday is the second anniversary of the opening of the Battle of Alamein. And now that this moment is never going to happen one felt a sense of incompleteness—a great story finishing without a great ending.*

\* \* \*

A gentleman who appears to know all there is to be known about horses has been saying a healthy horse is a well-mannered horse (writes "Beachcomber" in the "Sunday Telegraph"). This explains why sickly nags cough in your face with-

out placing the hoof before the mouth, and will even push their way into stables in front of old mares. I have always liked the story of the rich bounder who bought a large country mansion and a set of horses. When asked why he never rode, he replied with engaging frankness: "Whenever I approach a horse I'm afraid of being bit one end or kicked at the other."

## LONG-RANGE KICKS

E. Skinner, Maitland Rugby League full-back, recently kicked a goal from 12 yards beyond half-way (wrote the "Daily Telegraph"). Maitland officials claim the distance is a record. League critics generally regard "Dally" Messenger's goal for Easts against Souths at the Showground in 1912 as the best ever. Distance to the base of the goal posts was approximately 68 yards. Place-kick distance record is the 93 yards kick by D. McNamara (Melbourne) in 1923. Messenger's kick must have covered practically the same distance.

\* \* \*

Dally Messenger's kick may be the one I have in mind. Semi-darkness had settled on the ground. With a few minutes to go Easts were trailing Souths by a point. Easts needed a goal (2 points in the League game) or a try, and they wisely decided to mark for their match-winner, Messenger.

An Easts player took a high mark at a slight angle and, as the "D.T." writer put it, approximately 68 yards out.

Messenger's kick missed by a fraction. Souths carried the ball out, unwinding one of those do-or-die last-minute dashes typical of South Sydney teams down the years. Foolishly, one of the team put the ball up. An Easts player accepted a mark at almost the same spot as previously.

No team could take that risk with Messenger twice in the one afternoon, specially when the saving of the game depended on Messenger. He made no mistake with his kick, although the goal posts were rapidly becoming shrouded in darkness and he was at the fag-end of an exhausting game.



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## THE PASSING OF 'ARRY

HARRY RICKARDS sang Kipling's "Absent-minded Beggar" during the Boer war. A shower of coins intended for returned veterans nightly descended on the stage. One of them hit Harry so severely one night that he temporarily collapsed. His wife hurried from the wings to collect her prostrated spouse.

The hurt was only a minor one, but Rickards came back and, brandishing his fist at some galleryite—whom he suspected of deliberately aiming the coin at him—he used some very torrid language.

Harry invariably ended his turn with a roseate speech, forecasting the new attractions and artists that were to be on the coming week's programme. In his most affected manner he would vociferate: "Ladies and gentlemen, there will be an entia change of programme next Saturday night. I've engaged, at enormous expense, and after—er—prolonged negotiation, the great comedian . . ." And the great comedian would probably be some fair

second-rater on a fiver or less a week.

All the coming engagements were at enormous expense in Harry's ornate vocabulary.

A £20 per week Londoner coming this way would leave the Tivoli chief almost prostrated for want of suitable eulogies to bestow on the newcomer. And the expense would be always colossal.

In 1911, Rickards was in London, which he visited annually.

The Grim Reaper was hard on his heels on that, his last fateful trip. While signing some contracts with a London manager, the Australian vaudeville king slumped heavily to the floor. Harry Rickards was dead at 67. His wife brought his body to Australia on the Orient liner (Ormonde I think). Underneath an imposing bust of himself, his remains are interred in a magnificent vault at Waverley cemetery. His two daughters, Noni and Madge—both died young—rest in the same enclosure. Likewise a young school-boy son who pre-deceased him.

## RACING FIXTURES

1944-1945.

### NOVEMBER.

Rosehill ..... Saturday, 4th  
Victoria Park ..... Saturday, 11th  
A.J.C. (Worwick Farm), Saturday, 18th  
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Saturday, 25th

### DECEMBER.

Moorefield ..... Saturday, 2nd  
Canterbury ..... Saturday, 9th  
Ascot ..... Saturday, 16th  
A.J.C. (Summer Meeting), Sat., 23rd  
A.J.C. (Summer Meeting), Tues., 26th  
Tattersall's ..... Saturday, 30th

### JANUARY.

Tattersall's ..... Monday, 1st

A decade or so later Katie Rickards (his wife) died when returning to Australia from England on board the very same boat on which she had so many years before brought her husband's remains to Sydney. She was buried at sea.

—T. P. O'C. in "The Standard."

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## No. 1 Family Still on Top

(Continued from Page 6.)

become now no more than a legal fiction. After all, bloodstock breeders abroad will have nothing to lose, for exclusion from the "General Stud Book" is no bar against any horse in competing here for any race in the Calendar.

### On Unsure Ground.

As regards American breeders, I do not think it matters in the slightest to them one way or the other, as far as the value of their bloodstock is concerned, whether Messrs. Weatherby admit them to the G.S.B. or not. But I think we can hardly blame the Americans if they feel that the unyielding position which the responsible Turf authorities here take in the matter is taken up on very unsure ground. Nor, I think, can we blame them if they begin to feel that our attitude is in a great degree influenced by the fear of what may happen to our export trade in bloodstock if we did relax our ruling.

The time has now come, surely, when a gracious gesture of recognition of the validity of the American Stud Book might well be made by the Jockey Club. And what more suitable occasion to choose than when the most important of our racing tests for mares has been won by an American-bred mare, owned and bred by a man so widely acknowledged as having the best interests of racing throughout the world at heart as is the Chairman of the New York Jockey Club.

At Belair in Maryland where Mr. Woodward breeds his horses, racehorses have been bred and owned since almost the earliest days of the American Turf. The old mansion house there on the estate remains to-day intact as it was built in 1746 by that Colonel Benjamin Tasker who brought out from England the Godolphin Arabian's daughter Selima, a mare that never was beaten on the Colonial Turf and became the ancestress, as the American Stud Book says, of "nearly all the best horses in America."

### Must Get Together.

Surely when the roots and traditions of both countries lie so deep and close together in a common

## Glove Men of Yesterday

Jim Donald wrote in the "Daily Mirror" of a meeting with "Old Jack" Fuller in the Marble Bar:

Personally I consider old Jack's reminiscence to be of vast sporting importance, because he and Mick Dunn are the only persons alive who were actual participants in events which bred the greatest coterie of glovemen the Queensberry game has known.

"I saw 'em start in Foley's cellar at the 'White Horse,' fighting for a few bob, and saw 'em finish up good enough to whip world champions," says Old Jack.

"Don't let anybody tell you Foley couldn't fight.

"Nobody ever beat him at his best and he was well past his best when he gave Miller three stone and made a draw of it at the old Academy of Music.

"Yes, Foley could fight and he could teach. Some will try to tell you that none of us owed anything to Foley's tuition, but that's not true.

"Dooley, Jackson and Griffo, three of the cleverest boxers this or any other country produced, were polished by Foley.

"Dawson, who came later, after the hall was built, 'improved' under Larry.

"I've seen Foley demonstrate 'movements' to Hall, Fitzsimmons, Slavin and Jackson and you can bet your life they were eager and thankful for any hints he offered.

"Big Paddy was half-drunk when Peter knocked him over in Foley's saloon bar, but I know that Slavin never wanted to meet Jackson in a glove fight. Under prize-ring rules (bare knuckles), yes, but with the 'mitts,' no.

"Griffo, Jackson, Dooley and Jim Hall were the scientific stars of Foley's brigade.

"In my opinion, Jack Hall, a little Englishman, was the best of the lightweights.

"Dooley was the best light-heavy-weight this country has produced.

"Jack Molloy had one of the best right hands I ever saw, but he would not train.

"For anything up to 15 rounds I could hold my own with the best of the lightweights.

"Mick Dunn had a beautiful left hand, but was a bad weight.

"Fitz was awkwardly clever and a good hitter and Jim Hall was pretty to watch—he could hit, too. We'll never see the like of these fellows again—more's the pity!"

## "LILLIBURLERO"

A Major of the R.A.S.C. wrote the following letter to the B.B.C. before "D" Day:

"I write to tell you that you have set everyone here whistling 'Lilliburlero,' that gay old tune so often whistled by British soldiers at the wars in the olden times. Probably, indeed, by Marlborough's Sixteenth Foot on the way to Walcourt that August morning of 1689, to become the first regular British unit ever to fire a shot in a European war. Soon there will be yet another British Army marching over the same old ground their forefathers knew—an Army which will be, pray God, the last to have to so do. They will march to 'Lilliburlero,' too, if you give them the chance of hearing it."

past, nothing could be a more potent influence for the general benefit of racing and bloodstock breeding throughout the world, than that the governing authorities of racing and breeding in America and in Great Britain should be drawn closer together in mutual support and co-operation. But a "sine qua non" of any such closer collaboration would be to achieve a compromise upon this question of recognition of the respective Stud Books. There can scarcely come any opportunity more fitting for effecting such a desirable compromise than now, when the Derby has just been won by a colt bred and owned by the Chairman of the British Thoroughbred Breeders' Association, and the Oaks by a filly bred and owned by the Chairman of the New York Jockey Club.



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## BELLINGEN

**T**HE town of Bellingen, on the subtropical North Coast, is situated on an arm of the Bellinger River, at the head of navigation, 380 miles by road from Sydney.

It is thought that escapees from the Moreton Bay Penal Settlement who, about 1825, reported finding a number of rivers on the journey south, were the first white men to come upon the Bellinger River. Then in the 1840's Surveyor Clement Hodgkinson himself verified reports which had come to him of a fine river, named by the blacks "Billingen," by a journey of exploration.

Thus was the Bellinger first officially visited and the river recorded by Surveyor Hodgkinson as the "Billingen." Today, the official spelling is "Bellingin", although "Bellinger" appears to be the local name for the river.

The earliest squatter in the district was John Verge, who arrived in 1842 with a flock of sheep. In October of the same year, William Wright, an industrious cedar merchant on the Nambucca River, in a small boat attempted to cross the bar at the mouth of the river. He succeeded although he could not proceed up the river but found such a good yield of timber that he moved his sawyers to the spot.

Timber-cutting in those early days was the main industry along the river; indeed at that same period it was said that 160,000 feet of timber a month was cut. Unfortunately, however, the rich golden harvest of cedar was limited and it was not so long before the supply became exhausted.

Early settlement was not extensive for Gardner's map of 1844 shows only one settler on the Bellinger, a man by the name of Paul who had a cattle station. Then in 1847 John Clinton and William Wright applied for runs, to be followed by others and also about this time the first ship—the schooner "Minerva"—was built on the Bellinger by Richard Darbyshire.

So went the first years along the river—its banks sparsely peopled by sawyers and stockmen employed by the few squatters. Then the passing of Sir John Robertson's Free Selection before Survey Act of 1861 brought a gradual flow of settlers to the Bellinger among the earliest of whom were Andrew Ross, Henry and Patrick McNally, John Donnelly, Janet Ide, Frederick and

Henry Bennett, John Frisby, James Eather, John Brown, Nicholas Cahill, J. H. Noble and William Washington.

In 1864 Surveyor Herborn, with a small deputation of settlers discussed the possibility of forming a small village at what was known as "Boat Harbour", and these same industrious pioneers also spoke of growing agricultural resources of the district—of the maize grown along the river even in those early days, and shipped by the "William Hezlett" to Sydney.

In 1870 a village site under the name of Bellingin was proclaimed in the Gazette of that year but the only buildings at that time were the Court House, Watch House and the Police Stables, which had been erected the previous year. As a further mark of progress and owing to the efforts and generosity of local residents, a school was opened with an average attendance of 22.

The first Post Office was established in 1871 at Marx Hill, then known as "Dove Dale," the mail coming from Kempsey: the name Bellingin was not used for postal purposes until 1890.

Then in 1883 the tiny settlement held its first Agricultural Show, this feat being a striking tribute to the progressive spirit of the early residents and settlers. Further progress came in 1898 when the first butter factory in the district was built at Raleigh, about 8 miles from Bellingin and also in the same year the matter of a bridge across the river came under discussion with a further suggestion of certain harbour improvements.

The bridge was built some years later, although the harbour improvements were never carried out.

Then came the proposal that a railway line connecting Guyra with Coffs Harbour would pass through Bellingin, a trial survey of which was made in 1899. This line, however, was not constructed but in later years the North Coast Railway gave service to the eastern part of the Bellingin district, the nearest railway station being at Raleigh, about 8 miles away.

A description of the district published in 1904 in the North Coast Tourist Guide gave these interesting facts:

"Of the small rivers on the North Coast, Bellinger River is

perhaps the richest for both agriculture and dairying.

In one season the farmers netted £1 a bag for 40,000 bags of maize.

The dairying industry is forging ahead—all the bullock dray traffic or the bulk of it passes its door for the Dorriggo Tableland.

The district population is said to be about 3,000. There are 70 registered dairies, two butter factories and seven sawmills. The butter output approximates 200,000 pounds annually.

Cedar is scarce except on the higher reaches of the river."

Allied prominently with early development along the Bellinger is the work of the late Mr. F. Doepele, who, when the shipping companies refused to call at the port, owing to the treacherous bar across the mouth, supplied the settlers with means of transport by building his own craft.

"The Surprise" was the first ship built and ran from Sydney to Bellingin. Then followed "The Bellinger" and later the "Violet Doepele" and the "Alma Doepele," this last-mentioned craft being the finest of all the fleet for to her belongs the record for the fastest trip for a windjammer between Australia and New Zealand.

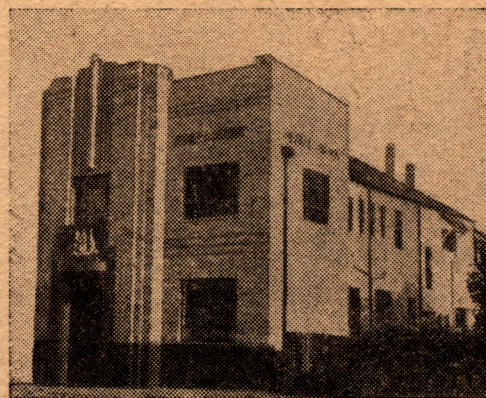
Then came steam and Mr. Doepele turned from sailing vessels to steam-propelled craft. His work continued for many years, saving the settlers from extinction through lack of transport.

Today Bellingin is a thriving and prosperous coastal centre supporting thousands of head of cattle, dairy cows and horses with a smaller but yet considerable number of pigs. There are more than a thousand acres under maize also a considerable area producing green feed. The annual butter production is extremely large as also is the amount of bacon cured annually and to this extensive production record can be added the yields of timber and citrus fruit.

So has Bellingin grown—a pleasant and progressive township—from that spot which cedar-getters first called "Boat Harbour."

Since 1908, Bellingin has been controlled by an urban area committee under the Bellingin Shire Council. The Nymboida Scheme provides electric light and power and the township has schools, hospital and all the institutions, public and sporting, necessary for a well-ordered, modern existence.

It is many years now since the days of the first cedar-cutters on the Bellinger; time and the heroic efforts of pioneer settlers and residents have converted the then almost untouched virgin country into the pleasant and thriving centre which it is to-day—Bellingin—the Belle of the Bellinger—an important unit in the war-time and post-war food production plan which will ultimately help the world to a just and lasting peace.



BELLINGIN BRANCH.

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